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BABY AWAKENING.

My own precious darling is sleeping,
How contented and happy he seems!
What visions appear as he slumbers?
See! he smiles in his innocent dreams.

Sleep, darling, dream on and be happy;
Be contented, my child, while you may;
My precious one, many sad troubles
Are sure to o'ertake you some day.

Dream on now, my sweetest, my loved one,
The world is unfeeling and cold;
You'll learn that, my own precious darling,
Before you are many years old.

Rest, sweet one! Dear innocent baby,
How calmly you're slumbering now;
Ah, could you see into the future *(a yell)*—
Good gracious, child, don't make that row!

Be quiet, or mother will spank you;
Be quiet! D'ye hear what I say?
You troublesome child *(a slap)* there, take that now.
Here, nurse, take this torment away.

—*"Fond Mother," in Detroit Free Press.*

A NEW ORDER.

The Sisterhood of the Bon Secours of America.

A Band of Trained and Faithful Nurses, Lately Established in New York—An Interview with One of Their Number.

Next to the Church of the Dominican Fathers on the corner of Lexington avenue and Sixty-sixth street stands a pleasant, old-fashioned house formerly used by the parish clergy as a residence. It is now occupied by the Roman Catholic Sisters of Bon Secours as their home. The sisterhood in this country is under the charge of Sister Madeleine de Pazzi, who is the Mother Superior of the Order in America.

"So you want some facts about our Sisterhood?" she said to a *Graphic* writer, one afternoon this week in the neatly furnished parlor of the Home. "They will not be very hard to furnish. Although we are not very old in America we have been long established in Europe. Our community was founded in 1840 by Father Paul Sebastien Millet, in Arcis Sur Aube, France, and it differs very largely from all other religious orders, both in regard to our work and the rules under which we live. There are Sisters, you know, who attend patients in hospitals, some who take care of orphans and foundlings, others who devote themselves to educating children, and still others who give themselves up to the care of the aged poor of both sexes and the reclamation of fallen women. Our work is very different. We simply nurse the sick at their homes. We take care of the sick of both sexes, of all nationalities and of every possible rank and station in life, from the richest to the poorest. We are trained nurses. We have now about 1,500 sisters and 130 houses in England, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Algiers, France and America. The Mother House is in Troyes, France. The order is under the direction of a Mother Superior General, who makes her home in that city, and from whom all our rules and orders come. Her authority is absolute, the Pope alone having jurisdiction over her. She sends us wherever she pleases. I might be recalled by a telegram to France at any moment should she so desire. Each house is in charge of a sister who is responsible to the Mother Superior General.

"The order has found an abundance of work to do ever since its founding, and many more Sisters could be employed than we have. We nurse the sick in their homes, and go with them in their travels if it is desired. A Sister, for instance, nurses a patient in Rome, and when he is convalescing and wants to return to his home, say, in Russia, the Sister accompanies him thither and remains with him until he has fully recovered. Some of our Sisters follow their patients all over the continent, never relinquishing their care until their services are no longer required. Even in this country I have sent Sisters to Boston, Buffalo, Albany and other cities with patients, and have in some instances sent Sisters to those cities in response to requests from families living there.

"As to our pay. We never ask for any money from those we nurse. They may give little or much, or even nothing, just as they feel inclined. Still, enough is given to sustain the Order and make it self-supporting. We nurse the poor as readily as we do the rich. One of our aims is to prevent poor mothers from being sent to hospitals, where that may be done with safety to the public health. When a poor woman is taken away from her home to a hospital, her children are certain to suffer, her husband has no one to prepare his meals for him and often seeks his recreation in public houses. Many times a Sister not only attends the sick woman, but looks after her children as well and cooks the father's meals. We are allowed no servants in our house, as it is required that we should be proficient in all departments of housework for just such cases as this. So the work is not so much of a hardship as might be imagined. When a Sister nurses in a poor family she generally remains all night with her patent, going home only for six hours' rest and one substantial meal, without which she would be unable to pursue her work.

"No, we never talk religion with our patients unless it is in answer to questions, and then only with adults. We never talk of such matters to children. We nurse people of all religious creeds and those who have no religion whatever. Some of our patients talk of nothing but religion, and others never mention that subject at all."

"How did you happen to come to America?" asked the writer.

"We have been asked to come here for many years; but we did not feel until recently that we could be spared from our home work. A little over five years ago we nursed the daughter of a New York banker in Rome, and it was through her influence that we decided to come to this country. Five years ago another Sister and myself came to this city to see whether we were really needed here. I had been at the head of the House in Dijon, France. We first found quarters in the Foundling Asylum on Sixty-eighth street and Lexington avenue, where we were for two months; then we took the house, 146 West Twenty-second street, where we remained two years. We soon found that we needed more Sisters, and accordingly more were sent to us until we now number twenty-one. Last summer, on my return from France, I brought eight back with me. We haven't half enough now to supply our needs. We could use fifty at least.

"Three years ago we leased this house for five years. It seems rather large, but it is none too much so. When our Sisters are nursing patients with contagious diseases they must have rooms in the house apart from the rest, where they may be quarantined. We nurse all kinds of sick people, whatever may be their complaints, and a quarantine is, therefore, often necessary. We have bought some land on Eighty-first street and Lexington avenue, where we will erect a suitable and permanent house as soon as we have the necessary means. The order will be extended to other cities as soon as possible. I think the first branch house will probably be in Boston."

"Are all of your Sisters from Europe?" asked the writer.

"Yes. None have as yet joined the order in America. We are very strict in our rules for membership. The applicant must be educated, and can never have been a servant, and she must be under twenty-five years of age. Thus our novitiate is very severe and long. The applicant must spend from three to five years nursing before she can be admitted. This nursing has to be done in the houses of the sick, for no hospital training would answer. At first the applicant wears a dress different from our costume, so that the doctors may know that she is a novice and not trust her too fully before she is experienced. She always accompanies another Sister in these visits. After her apprenticeship is served she is admitted into the Sisterhood. She must then serve about five years longer near the house where she is admitted before she is trusted to go a long distance away from it. At the end of about ten years she a competent nurse and may be sent to the end of the world, if need be. Then, too, before any applicants are received we must know all about the family and antecedents of the applicant. We must be very careful of the reputations of our Order."

That this care is strictly exercised, the fact that a Sister has never failed to meet with the utmost respect wherever she has been bears abundant testimony. In the homes of the rich they are treated with the most distinguished courtesy, and in the homes of the poor and ignorant this respect is never omitted. The present house of the Sisterhood has been neatly and newly furnished. The former parlor of the Fathers has been tastefully transformed into a beautiful chapel. The altar is a gift of a former patient and the rich branch ornaments came from Paris. Over the altar is an oil painting of our Saviour, standing on a globe, on one side of which is inscribed "France" and on the other "America." Fragrant flowers bloom on either side of the rail and the light enters the room through two richly stained glass windows. Here every morning mass is said by one of the clergymen of the Dominican Church.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

An Arkansas Dig at Kansas.

A traveler in Kansas, while crossing a prairie, came upon a party of friends who seemed to be preparing the land for agricultural purposes.

"My friend," said the traveler, addressing one of the men, "you are laying off your corn rows quite a distance apart."

"Corn rows?" the man gasped.

"Yes, those rows over there."

"My stars, stranger!" exclaimed the Kansas man, "is it possible you ain't hearn of it?"

"Heard of what?"

"Of the boom. Man alive, them ain't corn rows over thar; they air streets, an' this here is a city. You air now on the corner of Commercial and Emporium streets, an' not in the check of a corn row, as you mout suppose."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Hair-Pin Headaches.

Women suffer sometimes from what is called "hair-pin headache," as well as nervous headache. Both often may be cured by taking out the steel hair-pins and letting the hair down for awhile. Sometimes a quick brushing of the hair over the seat of the pain will drive it off entirely. An old lady says it was her mother's remedy to run back and forth through the hair a set of steel knitting needles and she would recommend "steel points" every time in cases of headache. For those subject to this kind of headache horn or imitation shell hair-pins might be tried, but if the "ache" arises from the stomach, as is frequently the case, neither a change of hair-pins nor an application of "steel points" will effect a cure.—*Detroit Tribune.*

ALL SORTS OF SILKS.

The Favorite Weaves and Colors for General Spring and Summer Wear.

When one gets a peep at the sample-books of silks at a leading establishment the temptation is great to describe each and every style; but the limits of time and space are inexorable, and so choice must be made of only a special few.

Faille Francaise continues to be the favorite weave for silks; and deservedly, for it combines a softness and pliability with a richness of effect, and, from the special manner of weaving, a durability, that are not possessed by any other style. This weave forms the foundation for many of the novel and beautiful effects in the new silks, not, however, to the exclusion of satin, gros grain, and a twilled weave similar to surah or satin merveilleux.

The popular fancy for stripes and plaids is prominent in all the novelties in silks; and plush effects, in both frise and coupe, abound, sometimes used separately, sometimes together. A distinctive sample of the latter class has block plaids two inches square, alternately of cut and uncut plush, separated by bayadere stripes of two or three threads in faille weave, and perpendicular stripes of the same width but of a contrasting color of plush. The combinations of color in this style are varied; one is of beige and a beautiful shade of dark blue, the separating lines of old-gold. The colors are disposed in perpendicular stripes, so that the color effect is of stripes, while the plaid effect is imparted by the weaving coupe and frise, which occurs alternately every two inches, but in the same line all across the material. This would be used for a panel, front breadth, or even the entire skirt in combination with either blue or beige silk or fine camels'-hair cashmere.

Another striking sample has, on a heliotrope satin ground, two plush stripes, each five inches wide, formed of narrow stripes in old-gold, dark red, bronze-green and *vieille rose*, of different widths and repeated in different rotation, and woven about three inches from the selvedges,. Down the middle of the width, the satin surface is striped with single threads of chenille in each of the colors in the plush stripes, having the frise weave at intervals; and there are bayadere stripes of satin, repeating the colors of the chenille, which form plaids. This could be used in combination with heliotrope, or with any one of the colors in the plush, the dark for handsome visiting costumes, and the light for reception and carriage use.

Another style has a faille ground in a dark shade of heliotrope that displays admirably a novel effect in beige-colored cut plush, which is in crosswise and lengthwise stripes forming plaids, the plush not solid, but woven diagonally in chenille-like threads. Still another design is in three colors and has uncut plush of two lengths on a surah ground; and yet another has stripes at least three inches wide of golden brown armure, alternating with stripes of equal width formed of tiny checks of beige-colored frise on a scarlet satin ground. In fact, the combinations and variation of the different weaves, in stripes and plaids of various sizes and widths, is almost endless.

The new colors include heliotrope in eight or ten shades; plum, which is allied to heliotrope but with a tinge of red; bronze with green shadings; light browns, and the whole range of wood tints; beige and its kindred light tints; and gray, from the palest French gray to the dark blue-gray known as Russian gray.

Moire Francaise in good qualities is in demand in black and all fashionable colors for street wear, to be used in combination with silk or fine woolen fabrics. Moire Francaise, it will be remembered, has the watered effect in stripes, rather than the all-over arrangement familiar in moire antique, but the ripples are quite as large as in the latter. A special novelty, in black, has stripes of moire Francaise at least seven or eight inches wide alternating with satin stripes of the same width; there is a moire stripe down the middle of the width.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

DECAY OF STONE.

The Influence of Atmospheric Pressure Upon All Kinds of Building Stones.

The dissolving power of atmospheric moisture seems to depend greatly upon the quantity of free carbonic acid gas it holds in solution; and though this quantity in any given volume of water be extremely minute, in course of time every substance which has an affinity for it will yield more or less to its action. The silicates of potash and soda, for instance, which are present in the igneous rocks—or, to dwell especially on the class of materials under our notice in the Devonshire granites—are easily decomposed when rain water falls upon them, and, the feldspar being removed mechanically by any of the countless actions of nature, it leaves the other ingredients of the material exposed to the mechanical disintegration of changes of temperature. The simple carbonates of lime, again, sometimes absorb carbonic acid with much avidity, and pass into the state of the soluble bicarbonates; and thus, in proportion as the original face of the stone is removed, does the lower surface become exposed to the action of the rain. The rain water of such a town as London not only does contain large quantities of free carbonic acid, but it also contains sulphuric acid and ammonia, which are capable of exercising a very deleterious influence upon the carbonates of lime. In discussing, however, the effects of these agents upon building stones, it is essential to bear in mind the fact that the mechanical state of the elements of those materials greatly modifies their resistance. Those which are of a crystalline character do not yield so readily as those which are amorphous, and the crystallization produced by volcanic or plutonic influence appears to be even more permanent than that which takes place in the ordinary way. It follows from these considerations that the stones of an irregular, confused, earthly texture, which are able to absorb considerable quantities of moisture, and which contain silica in a soluble form, or the carbonate of lime, should never be employed in positions where rain water could lodge upon them, beat against them, or be taken up from external sources by capillary or other action. In positions exposed to any of the above dangers, none but non-absorbent and decidedly crystalline materials should be used, and as those qualities are almost exclusively possessed by dense stones, it may be considered that the mere specific gravity of a stone is a *prima facie* indication of its constructive value. But atmospheric moisture, when absorbed into building stones, acts upon them quite as much through the changes in its own volume, in passing from the liquid to the solid state at the time of frost, as it does by the chemical dissolution it produces. If the stone should be placed in such a manner as that water should accumulate in any perceptible quantities between its various layers, and if the position of those layers be such that the expansion of the water in freezing can not take place freely, the respective layers containing the water will be violently detached from one another.

Now all stones, even the crystalline limestones and slates, have certain planes or directions of cleavage or of stratification, along which water flows more readily than in any other course. If the stones be placed in a building with those planes in a direction likely to retain rain falling upon, or absorbed through the surface (which is the case when stones are placed "bed to weather"), disintegration must ensue unless the edges of the beds be left free, and even in that case there is danger of frost detaching one layer from another.—*G. R. Burnell, in Architect.*

When the Cuckoo Cries.

In Northumberland one is told if you are walking on a hard road when the cuckoo first calls, that the ensuing season will be full of calamity; to be on soft ground is a lucky omen. In the Maritime highlands and Hebrides, if the cuckoo is first heard by one who has not broken his fast, some misfortune is expected. Indeed, besides the danger, it is considered a reproach to one to have heard the cuckoo while hungry. In France to hear the cuckoo for the first time fasting is to make the hearer an idle do nothing for the rest of the year, or to numb his limbs for the same period. There is a similar belief in Somersetshire. In Westphalia the peasants, on hearing the cuckoo for the first time, roll over and over on the grass in order to insure themselves against lumbago for the rest of the year. This is considered all the more likely to happen if the bird repeats his cry while they are on the ground.—*Chicago News.*

—The army recruiting office at New York is never without applications. Many of the applicants are shiftless and broken-down men, who have failed at every thing, but these are not wanted. Most of the recruits are foreigners, and in point of numbers the Germans exceed any other nation, but none are accepted who can not speak English. Sometimes a young man enlists to escape habits of dissipation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Jack Franklin, an old colored porter in a Louisville tobacco warehouse, was sent into the cellar to remove a pile of dirt that had been long accumulating. While at work he picked up a battered army canteen, very heavy. He broke it open, and found $362.50 in nickels, dimes, paper quarters and half dollars, and five dollar gold pieces. No one knows whose the money is, and the old man is richer than he ever expected to be.

—The following advertisement appears in a recent issue of a Jacksonville (Fla.) newspaper: "Being warned of approaching death by my physicians, I will sell my new $450 piano for $165. I will also sacrifice my organs and sewing machines, or rent them. Also 'American Encyclopedia,' 'People's Encyclopedia,' 'General Grant's Memoirs,' and other books. J. P., Hotel news office."

—Doctor—Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case. Husband—There, you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife long ago that she ought to get proper medical advice; but she thought that you would be offended.

—The Attorney-General has given an opinion that the Chinese Anti-Immigration act does not apply to Chinese women who accompany other immigrants to this country as servants or nurses.

—A returned traveler from Japan says: "It is no affectation to say that the best Japanese pictures are entitled to rank with the old masterpieces of European art."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A good pitcher for a base-ball nine never holds a quart of beer.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A great many people owe their gentlemanly appearance to their clothes, and a great many owe their clothes to their tailor.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—Many a man who imagines that he is a big electric light finds out to his sorrow that he is only a little tallow dip.—*New Haven News.*

—"Does position affect sleep?" some one asks. Really, we can't say, but the young man who has lost his place because he was habitually late in the morning is convinced that too much sleep affects position.—*Journal of Education.*

—A very wealthy young woman questions her confessor. "Is it a sin, father," she asks, "to take pleasure in having people call me beautiful?" "Certainly, my child, it is always wicked to encourage falsehood."—*French Fun.*

—Society Belle—(to a confirmed old bachelor, hemmed in on all sides by the giddy members of her giddy set)—Now, before you can escape us, you must tell us what athletic exercises you prefer. C. O. B.—Dumb bells. Tableau!

—Long centuries ago the old Greeks, when any thing went wrong, blamed the gods for it. Since then the gods have grown a-weary of the business and closed the shop. So nowadays, when thing go wrong, men blame their wives. Always? O no, not always. Just invariably.—*Burdette.*

—"Augustus," said Maud, who, as he had been calling on her for some time, thought she would give him a hint, "I should like to be an actress." "An actress?" repeated Augustus, in astonishment. "What on earth do you want to be an actress for?" "Because then I might be engaged?" She now wears a solitaire.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—She Knew Him.—

She sat beside me at the play
In all her girlish loveliness,
While in the box across the way
A dowager in gorgeous dress

Sat, while the diamonds glittered bright,
On wrinkled neck and shoulders bare;
"Ah, were those gems my own," I cried,
"I'd find for them a place more fair."

"Sweetheart," I whispered, "need I tell
Where I would have those gems repose?"
She faltered not (she knew me well),
"Why, with your uncle, I suppose!"

—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Ah, Mrs. Fogg," said the professor, placing the biscuits in front of him, "I never ignore your rolls, whatever else I may do." "Indeed, professor, your words charm my soul. As the poet says, 'Every ear is tickled with the sweet music of applause;' but I have noticed that there is one of my rolls for which you seem to have a chronic aversion." "And that is, my dear madam?" "The pay roll," responded the landlady with a smile that reached over and tickled the solemn boarder so that he laughed.—*Life.*

HINTS ON COURTING.

Some Things a Lover Should, and Others He Should Not, Do or Say.

Select the girl. Agree with the girl's father in politics and the mother in religion. If you have a rival keep an eye on him. Don't swear to the girl that you never heard yourself snore in your sleep. Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man. Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait until the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game. In cold weather finish saying good night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you. Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying for a bride who has pictured for herself a life of luxury in your ancestral halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a bald-headed parent to take you in out of the cold. Don't be too soft. "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine, and you shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the canaries," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away time in that sort of style, and a girl has a fine retentive memory for soft things and silly promises of courtship. Occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them in a cold, sarcastic tone. Don't be a chump.—*Iowa Messenger.*

The Reward of Merit.

"What's the matter?" he asked of a street-car conductor whom he met loafing about the post-office the other day.

"Got the bounce."

"What for?"

"Trying to elevate the profession."

"How?"

"Well, I put on a plug hat, kid gloves and a pair of eye-glasses, and I raised my hat to the ladies as they got on and off the car, and at the end of three days I was told to walk. There were twenty-six complaints lodged against me."

"What for?"

"Being too polite to the patrons of the road. Singular town this is. The ladies don't seem to appreciate true politeness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A DESPERATE CASE.

What is it ails my dollie dear?
I am not quite sure I know.
She's very sick; and if she dies
'Twill be a fearful blow.

She's got "ammonia" in her lungs,
"Plumbago" in her back,
A "tepid" liver, and a cough
That keeps her on the rack.

She's got an "ulster" in her throat,
And "bunions" on her hand:
Her skull is pressing on her brain—
'Twill have to be "japann'd."

I think I'll send for Doctor Jones,
And Doctors Price and Bell;
They'll hold a "consolation" then,
And may be she'll get well.

—*F. H. Stauffer, in Harper's Young People.*

INTELLIGENT DOGS.

Animals Who Understand Language—An Act of Hospitality—A Musical Dog.

A certain person who was highly praising an animal, being asked what remarkable qualities it possessed, replied "It is ours." No matter how deficient a dog may be in all good traits, his master will readily acknowledge the force of his recommendation.

The experiments of Sir John Lubbock, an account of which has recently been published, show that dogs possess considerable capacity for learning the meaning of words. Many anecdotes on this subject might, no doubt, be collected. Rover belonged to a gentleman in the neighboring town of Union. One morning a surveyor, who was boarding with his master and was about leaving upon one of his daily expeditions, was told that Rover might accompany him. The dog heard the permission granted and needed no further invitation. Having waited until the surveyor came from the house, much to that gentleman's surprise, he immediately followed him, though this had never happened before.

A still more remarkable case occurred in Bremen. A small, shaggy dog, Dick by name, was accused of killing a sheep, and was condemned on the morrow to lose his life. Having listened to his sentence, Dick suddenly disappeared, traveling twenty miles to the town of Washington, where he presented himself at the house of his master's father-in-law. He was naturally supposed to have preceded some of the family, and their non-appearance occasioned not a little surprise. Some two weeks later his former master drove up to the door, and was warmly welcomed by Dick; but when, at the close of his visit, he prepared to take his departure, the dog had again disappeared. Dick never returned. His confidence had received a blow from which it never rallied, and to the end of his life he remained at his adopted home. A dog belonging to a relative of the writer killed a pet rabbit. The offense was duly explained and its enormity pointed out. Ever after, when the rabbit was mentioned before him, he would hang his head, look extremely sheepish, and, if possible, sneak out of the room.

The lower animals, except when the parental instinct is dominant, are supremely selfish. Nature has taught them, by severe competition, that, if they would live at all, each must live solely for himself. A genuine act of hospitality, however, on the part of one dog to another, was related to me by a clergyman, who heard the story from one of his parishioners. A powerful mastiff was accustomed to conceal fragments of food in a snow-drift against some future exigency. One day he was observed to proceed thither accompanied by a smaller friend, and to wait patiently until his guest had satisfied his hunger. Then he carefully recovered the remnants, and trotted away as though playing the host was an every day affair.

Shepherd dogs evince wonderful memory by their ability to recognize every member in a large flock of sheep. We know of a dog that would instantly distinguish the chickens of a neighbor from those of his master, and, until broken of the habit; would summarily punish any tresspassing of the former by wringing their necks. So, too, a sagacious farm dog will remember cattle even after months of absence.

Probably the best known dog story of antiquity is the account from the Odyssey, of how Ulysses, returning from the ten-year siege of Troy, is recognized only by his aged and decrepit dog. Here is not a bad parallel of this ancient tale. A frequent companion of mine, when a boy, was a large, shaggy dog of a peculiar bluish color. His unusual sagacity made him at once an excellent guardian and playfellow. He would climb a perpendicular ladder to the hayloft, and enjoyed the game of "hide and seek" as fully as any boy. Shortly after his purchase, while still a young puppy, his master, the writer's uncle, sailed on a voyage, the duration of which was about a year and a half. On his return Rover welcomed him but coldly. It was not expected, indeed, that he would remember a person whom he had known at so early an age and for so short a time. Something, however, about the stranger puzzled the dog as he crouched near by and began to call up old associations; his ears, tail, every movement, showed this. Suddenly he sprang up, leaped upon his master again and again in an ecstasy of delight, which seemed to say that he knew him at last, and wanted to atone for the coldness of his first greeting.

I formerly owned a dog whose musical proclivities dismayed the boldest of itinerant musicians. No sooner was a hand-organ heard in the vicinity than he would seat himself close to the instrument and howl a doleful accompaniment. When the music stopped, he stopped, only, however, to follow after to the next house, where this discordant performance would be repeated. His size protected him from a kicking, and he was wholly regardless of the angry glances of the disgusted musician. Whether he sought to express pleasure, or was unable to repress his dislike to this sort of music, I have never been able to determine.—*John H. Lovell, in Congregationalist.*

FEATHERED FISHERMEN.

Their Different Ways of Getting Food—The Cute Heron, the Swift Penguin, the Thoughtful Snake Bird and Pelican, and the Kind Puffin Who Strings Her Fish on Her Beak.

Perhaps you have heard how men sometimes catch fish at night merely by rowing over the water with a light in the boat. The fish, attracted by the light, jump into the boat.

It is said—I will not vouch for this story, though it is likely enough—that the heron catches fish by the same device. At night the feathers of its breast emit a sort of phosphorescent glow, and the bird, as if aware of this fact, takes up its stand on a dark night, up to its knees in the water, and waits, with ready beak, for the deluded fish to spring up at the light on its breast. When they do spring, it is into total and perpetual darkness, for no champion catcher is more certain than the heron.

As a rule, however, birds catch their fish in fair chase, instead of by device, and it is a marvel that they can do so. Some birds, like the osprey, for example, sail about in the air until they sight a fish near the surface, when they swoop down and snatch their prey in their claws. The king-fisher, on the other hand, either sits on a limb over the water, or hovers over it, until a fish is spied, when it darts down head foremost and catches the fish in its beak.

But most birds fairly take to the water, and in some cases even lose the power of flying.

The penguin is an example of this. It not only can not fly, but it even has not feathers to make it bird-like, though in all other respects it is a true bird. Few fish have any chance at all against the penguin, with its wedge-like body and paddle-like wings and feet. The swiftness of a bird's course in the water is almost incredible, though some idea of it may be gained from the statement that the great auk—a now extinct bird—could swim under water as fast as most birds fly; and all fishing birds which capture by chase must, of course, be swifter than the fish they catch.

Catching fish is not the whole of a bird's duty, however. Like their human types, the birds have their children to provide for, and it is interesting enough to observe how the different birds contrive to carry home the captured fish.

The snake-bird, or darter, which lives in our Southern lakes, has a plan which may do for little snake-birds, but would not suit us. The name of the bird is taken from its extremely long neck, which is usually the only part of its body seen above water when it is swimming. It is very easy to mistake this neck for a snake. When the snake-bird has caught and swallowed a sufficient quantity of fish, it returns home, and takes up a position convenient to the nest. There it opens its mouth, and a little snake-bird literally dives into it head-foremost.

Its body, indeed, does not disappear, though any person seeing the performance for the first time would certainly expect it to; but the entire head and neck do, and remain so for a moment, when after a slight wriggle, they begin to come out, and it is seen that the little bird has brought up a fish from the interior department of the old bird. Each of the little birds makes a similar dive down the old bird's throat, and probably it is only by the most lively efforts at digestion that the parent ever manages to get a meal for itself.

With the pelican it is different. The pelican, of one or another species, is a very common bird in our Southern and Western waters, and is a most indefatigable fisher. It carries a huge pouch suspended from the outer rim of its great under bill. The body of the bird is very large, and it often has twelve feet spread of wings; but the head is big, out of all proportion to the size of the bird. Consequently, the pouch is large beyond the imagination of a person who has not seen it. This pouch, nevertheless, the pelican fills, and it carries home to its young the fish it has caught.

The oddest way of carrying fish, however, is practiced by a beautiful little bird called the Arctic puffin. This bird, which from its gorgeous coloring and heavy beak, is sometimes called the parrot of the sea, lives, as its name implies, in the Arctic regions. It is an odd little creature, and is particularly noted for its affection for the young of its kind. It will adopt and rear any little ones which have lost their parents. This is all the more singular because parental-love and home-love usually go together, and the puffin thinks so little of home that it not only does not build a nest, but even goes so far as to take possession of the habitation of another animal. When it goes fishing the puffin hangs its prey on its under bill by their gills, until the under bill is hung full, when it returns home.—*John R. Coryell, in Golden Rule.*

—The experiment of heating cars by the exhaust steam from the locomotives has been successfully tried in Connecticut.—*Christian at Work.*